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UP THE GAMBIA.

THERE is a river so far under the sovereignty of our country that she levies custom-duties on all merchandise that enters it—one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and one of the richest in the hopes of civilisation—yet almost wholly unknown to the English reader. Having ourselves had an opportunity of visiting the Gambia, and not as a mere passing voyager, we are in hopes that the slight sketch we purpose giving of its general aspect will excite the curiosity of some, and perhaps occasion the surprise of others.

Before the high land of Cape Verd could be distinctly traced, we felt that we were approaching the sultry regions of Western Africa. This feeling increased as the faint remains of the trade-wind gently wafted us toward the mouth of the river. All nature now seemed to become changed. The sky had lost its deep-blue colour and assumed a light and dazzling hue, from the sultriness of the air and the reflection of the yellow sands; the atmosphere was dry and intensely hot, so that, without any previous agreement, we found all the ship's company clothed in their thinnest apparel; the waters of the sea were now commingling with those of the Gambia, and wore a lighter tint than the usual waves of the ocean; while one or two large sharks swam near the vessel, watching if any offal should be thrown out, or any living creature should fall overboard. Passing by Cape St Mary we soon anchored off the island bearing the same name, where the main channel of this noble river is about three miles across; although above and below it is twice wider.

St Mary's is a British settlement—the seat of British government and trade in the districts of Senegambia since the abolition of the slave-trade. The island is about sixteen miles in circumference, and contains 3000 or 4000 inhabitants. Its principal town, Bathurst, has a long row of well-built dwelling and store houses fronting the river, presenting a very interesting appearance to the stranger, who scarcely expects to witness such signs of civilisation on his first view of life in Africa. The cottages and huts of the natives lie in the background. Here are to be found men of all shades of colour and all degrees of civilisation: it would be a perfect Babel if all were to speak their native languages; but a broken English takes the precedence of other tongues. The negroes who have been located on the island and trained to habits of industry are in general decently clothed, and possess comfortable cottages surrounded by little gardens; but groups of people from inland towns are to be seen in all the rudeness of a semi-barbarous condition.

The mixed progeny of European men and negro women occupy a middle rank, whilst British merchants and officers form the caste of the highest order. A few blacks have by dint of persevering industry risen to mercantile rank and influence, and they imitate the English style and mode of living.

The colony of St Mary's is not only a receptacle for thousands of recaptured slaves—where they learn the arts and ways of humanised life—but it is a focus of civilisation, and of its attendant blessings, to the neighbouring countries. An important trade is carried on between England and the nations of the Gambia. Vessels of considerable burden can reach McCarthy's Island, 250 miles up the river; and small merchantmen of thirty or forty tons navigate the stream about 200 miles farther, nearly to the Falls or Rapids of Barracunda. As our principal object is to depict the country and its native inhabitants, we shall not dwell upon the localities inhabited by foreign settlers.

It was a beautiful day in January when we weighed anchor to proceed up the Gambia. This month and that of December, with part of November and February, are the finest in the year—the only ones in which an Englishman can perfectly enjoy himself. After this period the weather becomes intolerably hot: June is a month of tornadoes; then come two months of rain, and another of tornadoes, which is followed by the drying season, the most unhealthy part of the year, for then the vegetable matter which had accumulated upon the surface of the soil, and has been decomposed by the supervening rains, sends forth its pestiferous effluvia, and causes those fevers which prove so fatal to European emigrants. At this season *every one* is sick; and the question is—who shall die or who shall live? But after two or three years the constitution becomes acclimated, and the annual fever is no more dreaded than the influenza in England. Yet the dull, foggy, dreary months of our English winter are really delightful to think of in Western Africa. The thermometer ranged from 80 to 84 degrees Fahrenheit in the hottest part of the day; but the air was so exhilarating that it was difficult to imagine the temperature to be so high.

A sea-breeze which prevails on the coast during the day-time filled our sails and fanned us up the splendid stream. An awning was spread over the stern-part of the deck, and we sat down in the luxury of repose to enjoy the wonderful scenery with which we were surrounded. This was rich and magnificent—the vast river appeared studded with promontories and islands, and its low banks were lined with the majestic mangrove. This tree grows in the margin of brackish water, and propagates itself by letting down suckers, which take root in the submarine soil, at length forming impen-

trable groves of ever-verdant beauty. Wherever the bank is high enough to be dry, the mangrove disappears, and the plains are decked with other trees—such as the African oak, the tei-tree, the monkey-bread, the tamarind, locust, and lofty palm tree. In these open spaces the natives build their towns, and cultivate the adjoining land, around which dense forests have sprung up, the abodes of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles, of many species.

At nightfall the sea-breeze died away, and we let down our anchor, except when the channel was clear and the tide flowing, in which cases the vessel gently floated up with the assistance of her boat. In the midst of the stream these evenings were delicious, and our repose under the awning was safe and sweet. The cry of the hyena, the howling of the wolf, and an occasional roar of some larger animal, were distinctly heard as they ranged the forests or scoured the open country in search of prey; these, and the snorting of the hippopotamus, as he playfully tossed the water on high, reminded us of the mighty monsters of Africa. But in mid-river we were secure from the violence of the beasts and the annoyance of the insect tribe. The latter form one of the scourges of these tropical countries, especially in moist situations. As soon as night puts on her sable mantle, the mosquitoes issue from their lurking-places in countless millions, like those ephemeral insects which bask for a few hours in the summer heat of England.

Although England claims the sovereignty of the Gambia, there is still a small French settlement which was by some mismanagement exempted from British jurisdiction. In a late war with our opposite neighbour the king of Barra, the sovereignty of the river-bank, for half a mile inland throughout the length of his dominions, was ceded to the English. This old king was a sad tyrant and a sturdy warrior; nor did he yield to the cannon and rockets of his civilised enemy without a severe struggle, in which many lives were lost. He was as despotic over his own subjects as haughty towards strangers, treating his people as if they were his own goods and chattels. If he wished to purchase an article of foreign luxury, or to buy a horse or a wife, he sent some armed men to plunder one of his own villages of its children, whom he sold or bartered to gratify his desires. On the shores of Barra, the lovers of lawless fraternity might have found a spot suited for their Elysium; for no Christian priest has ever trod this soil, no civilised legislation has ever corrupted the native mind! Yet they are victims of wild and gloomy superstition, and the law of nature seems to be one of unmingled selfishness; for 'might overcomes right' throughout these untutored tribes.

One morning we found ourselves beside the mouth of a large creek. These are natural canals penetrating far into the country, causing openings in the mangrove thickets, and making watery highways for social communication and commerce.

We entered the boat, and rowed up this creek for nearly a mile. The sun's morning rays could not penetrate through the trees, and the breeze had not yet sprung up, so that there was a shady calm and stillness almost startling. It is chiefly in these places that so many English seamen have met their death. Vessels come up the large creeks for timber, and the sailors inhale the malaria bred in the pestiferous woods. Their feverish bodies are deprived of sleep through the closeness of the atmosphere and the swarms of mosquitoes; and the disease is aggravated by toiling under a vertical sun and drinking spirituous liquors, so that ordinary remedies fail of having any effect, and whole crews have thus miserably perished. At this time of the year, and after sunrise, there was no fear of such miasmata. At length we reached a break in the mangroves, and found ourselves in sunny fields with every sign of animated nature. Monkeys

chattered over our heads, and hurried down with their usual curiosity to see the white men; birds of brightest plumage flew about in countless hundreds; guinea-fowl, pheasants, and wood-pigeons, seemed to court the sportsman's gun; the hawk screeched above us, and a royal eagle winged his upward flight. A native town lay before at a short distance. It was inhabited by Jaloofs, who dwell in certain countries of Senegambia—a name given to the region between the Senegal and Gambia rivers. The Jaloofs are very dark in their complexion, but are regular in their features and of handsome form, approaching the European model of size and figure. Their hair is short and curling, and their skin of a jetty black. They frequently tattoo themselves with gunpowder or the juice of a certain tree.*

The village which we visited was composed of a number of huts irregularly situated. They were generally round, the sides composed of wattled cane supported by strong stakes, and the roof a thatch of long grass. Sometimes the sides are plastered over with mud, and the *tout ensemble* has the appearance of a large bee-hive. The richer or greater men, who possess several wives, have a proportionate number of huts, all enclosed within one fence. A man's riches are calculated by the number of his wives, whom he employs in cultivating the soil, and in other ways which bring pecuniary profit. The women are really a kind of household slaves, and upon them devolves all the laborious part of field and domestic work. Nor are they regarded as fit companions for their husband, but eat their meals alone, and often find themselves the scorn of their own children. No wonder that many Africans regard the birth of a female child as a great calamity. Poor thing! its prospects for life are very dreary and disheartening. It is only in countries where the Bible is made the rule of morals that woman is raised to her proper rank in society. The Great Lawgiver, who has denounced polygamy, and declared that woman should be a 'help-meet' for her husband, who must love and cherish her as his own flesh, has prescribed the only efficacious rule for delivering the weaker sex from degrading bondage or heartless oppression. Nothing but Christianity will persuade an African to be married to one wife in lasting wedlock. His pecuniary interests are concerned in polygamy, for his wives support him in idleness and dissipation: if they do not work for him he must work for himself. Besides, 'if I marry according to the white man's fashion, I cannot change in the event of my disliking her,' is an argument in the mouth of every pagan negro. Ignorant of love and of domestic happiness, the haughty African pretends to despise the nuptial bonds to which the European submits; but their women envy the state of Christian females. The result of our moralising upon this important subject, after all our observations made in different lands, approaches nearly to the old saying—that 'England is the paradise of women.'

Most of the Jaloofs are now nominally Mussulmen, though few of them know anything of the Mohammedan creed. Their conversion was made by the sword of some Moorish king, who forced them to acknowledge God and his prophet; which faith they hold in conjunction with their native superstitions and heathen practices. They eat twice a day—in the morning and at sunset. At the time of our visit they were preparing to take their early repast, and the chief or headman of the village courteously invited us to eat with him and his (male) friends. However, upon witnessing the provision, and the process of eating it, we respectfully declined, on the plea that the food did not agree with us; which was true enough. But we signified our desire for friendship by accepting a draught of milk presented in a calabash. The natives sat on the ground round wooden bowls, and helped themselves with their hands to a preparation of millet called *kooskoos*, stewed with a

little meat. The latter was divided with their fingers; and with the same natural instruments they formed the stew into little balls, which they adroitly chucked down their throats. We gave the chief a little tobacco, with which he was much pleased, and we then withdrew to our boat. Outside of the men's huts we met a number of women, who had come to see the white men. Their dress was a simple cloth fastened round the waist, and descending nearly to the ankles like a petticoat; but some of them had a number of necklaces and other ornaments round various parts of their bodies. The men likewise wore a cloth about their loins, having another to throw over their shoulders—which the women also have for full dress.

On another day, as we sailed by the dominions of a Mandingo king, we paid a visit to one of his towns. It differed little from that which we have already described, only it was larger, and the huts were constructed with mud walls. The residence of the chief, who was a 'great man,' was made of the same material, being a circular apartment with an outer and inner wall; but a number of huts were enclosed within his precincts. We were at a loss to discover how any one could obtain access to the interior, as neither door nor window at first appeared; but our interpreter shewed us a small aperture, through which one must creep on hands and feet, and which supplies the places of door, windows, and chimney. The palaces of the warrior-kings are sometimes fortified, and are of larger size and better workmanship than those which we have described. The Mandingoes are not so jetty black as the Jaloofo, and have more of the Guinea style of nose, lips, and hair; but they are tall and well-forged. They are a warlike people, and possess many kingdoms in this part of Africa.

As we sailed up the river, we began to lose the mangroves, and to form a closer acquaintance with the alligators, which bask in great numbers on the sunny banks. The sea-breeze also began to fail us, and our progress was slowly made by the tides and the towing-boats. We were therefore obliged to anchor whilst the water ebbed; but this enabled us to go frequently ashore, and make short excursions to see the country where it was not covered with wood. The danger of wild beasts and serpents, the fear of losing ourselves, and the dread of meeting with any hostile depredators, deterred us from penetrating into these vast forests. The grass also is a great hinderance to peripatetic movements, as it grows as high as a man's head; but the natives frequently set fire to it, when the country presents the appearance of a vast conflagration. There is a danger, however, of valuable timber being burned at the same time. So with the corn-fields: the seeds are planted immediately before the rain begins to fall; after it is over, the harvest is ripe, the whole process occupying but a few months of the year. The tops of the stalks are cut off, the grain is winnowed by women, and the stubble is subsequently burned.

One day in the course of our peregrinations we fell in with a village of pastoral Foolahs. We were surprised to see the lightness of their complexion. The young women especially were very fair, not being darker than an ordinary mulatto. They were of European shape, with black, silky hair, well-proportioned, and of delicate features. As they wore little clothing, they exhibited their form to the best advantage, and seemed proud of their proximity in colour to the Tubabo or white man, with whom they claim a kind of consanguinity. The pastoral Foolahs differ from the Teucolors in colour as much as in their national habits and customs. The latter are a powerful people, possessing many kingdoms, interspersed among those of the Mandingoes and Jaloofo; but the nomadic tribes have no lands of their own: they are passionately fond of cattle, which they feed in the territory of any chief who will not injure them, paying tribute for the right

of pasturage. They are frequently the victims of those international feuds which the slave-trade has produced, and are plundered by marauding chieftains, who live at the expense of their neighbours. They do not seem to have any definite notions of religion, or even of a human soul; but while they keep aloof from the religious practices of other pagans and the dogmas of Mohammed, they are the victims of many fears connected with witchcraft and sorcery. Most of the Teucolors are Mussulmen. A third class of Foolahs are the Loubies—a vagabond, stunted race, the gipsies of Western Africa.

Such are the principal inhabitants of this noble river, which is almost unknown in history, and has never been celebrated in the verse of a poet. Yet deeds of war and of barbaric chivalry have been here wrought which might have formed the theme of many a lay of Border minstrelsy. The Gambia has had its noted warriors and adventurers, its councillors, crusaders, and Robin Hooda. One of the last of these freebooters, named Kemintang, was for many years the scourge and terror of the upper districts of the Gambia. His eventful history and savage deeds of valour and cruelty might have formed a narrative of no small interest to the lovers of romance.

The want of authentic records must for ever leave unsolved some very interesting questions of African history. How came such a variety of nations, speaking different languages and having different manners, to be so curiously intermingled in this portion of the earth's surface? How is it that these people are now found in a semi-barbarous condition, while traces remain of civilisation and mental culture of no mean order? For the language of a people contains the hieroglyphics of their former character, just as the Pyramids and ruined temples of Egypt would convince us of her ancient grandeur if all literary records had perished in the flames which consumed the library of Alexandria. The language of the Foolahs contains words and terminations exceedingly like the names of the old Carthaginian heroes who fought with gigantic Rome. In other respects it bears the marks of considerable taste and genius: its euphonic and intricate grammatical changes cannot have been the product of a barbarous people. It exhibits far richer traits of refinement than does the dialect of modern Egypt, and deserves the study of a curious philologist. A rough sketch of its grammar and imperfect vocabulary of words in manuscript, by the Rev. R. M. Macbrair, may be seen in the library of the British Museum. Are these people the descendants of the once far-famed Carthaginians? If not, how came they here, with such a colour of skin and such a language?

The Mandingo tongue, altogether different from the Foolah, may be called the Italian of Africa—so simple, euphonical, and full of soft vowel sounds. It would make a beautiful language for ladies, and might be formed into the melodious verses of Tasso. Whence this dialect was derived, and how it was moulded into such pleasant combinations, is another marvel among the wonders of Africa.

After passing several beautiful islands, only inhabited by wild beasts and serpents, we reached McCarthy's Isle—an oasis of civilisation in this vast desert of the mind, and as such deserving of separate consideration: it is one of the brightest hopes of Central Africa. The river, which below this place is about three-quarters of a mile in breadth, gradually narrows as far as Fattatenda, where its stream is 100 yards wide, and two or three fathoms deep in the dry season. Here are various depôts of European merchandise, as a considerable trade is carried on with the interior by means of native merchants. The tide rises a few inches as far as the Falls or Rapids of Barraconda, above Fattatenda. Beyond this point the river is not navigable for boats, and the country assumes a wilder aspect.

While we tarried up the river the weather became intolerably hot, and we proceeded downwards before the coming rains. From the middle of March till the same time in May, the thermometer stood at 104 degrees to 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade during the whole of the day. It did not sink lower than 90 degrees in the night. A strong wind blew from the east, as parched as the deserts from which it came, drying up every kind of moisture, and filling every place with light sand. It seemed impossible to stir in this burning temperature, and we were much annoyed with the prickly heat in our skin, and with other inconveniences from noxious insects. In May the evenings began to grow cloudy, and sheet-lightning appeared in the distance. The negroes now became busy in the fields, where the women were employed in sowing grain. The first shower fell near the end of May, and in a few days the tornadoes began. These may be classed with the grandest phenomena of nature. Due notice of their approach is given by a blackness which rises from the horizon until it covers the whole heaven; then a deep and solemn silence prevails, as if nature were collecting all her energy to swell the coming blast. Meanwhile all the animal creation may be seen hastening to their wonted places of shelter: birds, beasts, fowls, with trembling haste to escape the storm. Presently a rustling noise is heard, and then a terrific wind sweeps the earth, as if it would hurry away everything with resistless violence. The rain next falls in torrents, not dropping, but pouring, so as to flood the ground in a few minutes. Lightning flashes from every quarter of the heavens at the same instant, illuminating the country in the darkest night, and making the smallest objects visible. Forked streams of electric fluid shoot up and down the black clouds, and rattling thunder drowns every other sound in the noise of its deafening peals. These tornadoes always blow from the east; and when overtaken by one of them in sailing down the river, we took in all sail, and were blown forward with amazing velocity, scudding on bare poles till the angry wind had somewhat lulled. It has been computed by actual measurement that as great a depth of rain has fallen in one day in Western Africa as during a whole year in England.

THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

M. DE LAMARTINE'S 'History of the Restoration,' now in course of publication, will no doubt greatly add to the author's deserved popularity as a writer, and to many minds will bring up the recollection of events to which in the present day there is no parallel. We confess that we have read the first two divisions of the work with much pleasure, but also with some degree of pain. The accounts which M. de Lamartine, as a faithful historian, finds it his duty to present, are in some instances a fearful revelation of the lengths to which Napoleon went in vindication of his authority. Perhaps nothing in the whole range of history equals in atrocity the assassination of the young Duke d'Enghien; and as it is important to have the real truth unfolded of this terrible affair, we propose, with the aid of the new lights thrown on it by Lamartine, to lay it before the reader. It may be of use to begin with a few words on the genealogy of this hapless victim of political vengeance.

The Duke d'Enghien was a descendant of the great Prince de Condé, a member of the family of Bourbon, who, after signalling himself as a general, died in 1687. The third or fourth in direct descent from this eminent individual was Louis Henri Joseph, Duke de Bourbon, who, at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1789, emigrated with many others of the French

noblesse, and held a command in the small army raised in Germany to fight for the declining cause of Louis XVI. In this desperate, and, as it proved, vain attempt, the Duke de Bourbon was accompanied by his youthful son, Antoine Henri, Prince d'Enghien. Failing in their military enterprise, the emigrant army dispersed. Many went to England, and among this number was included the Duke de Bourbon; his son remained in Germany, where he resolved to live till better times. Bidding adieu to relatives and companions in misfortune, he retired to the château of Ettenheim, near the town of that name, in the archdukedom of Baden. This was in 1804, when Bonaparte had attained the position of First Consul of France, and, in the possession of almost uncontrolled authority, had prepared measures for being crowned emperor. In the selection of Ettenheim as a favourite scene of retirement, the duke was influenced by perfectly honourable motives. He had become attached to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort, niece to the Cardinal de Rohan, who possessed Ettenheim as part of his archbishopric. With the view of residing near this lady, D'Enghien came to Ettenheim, and there, it is said, he was privately married to her, the ancient château being at the same time resigned by the cardinal for the accommodation of his niece. When the catastrophe which we are now about to relate occurred, it is not quite clear that D'Enghien and his wife lived together in the old château; and, according to some accounts, the union had not yet taken place. This circumstance, however, is immaterial to the narrative. It is indisputable that the Duke d'Enghien lived in an exceedingly retired manner at Ettenheim, where he took no part whatever in political affairs: indeed he never quitted the place except to pursue field-sports in the neighbourhood, of which he was very fond, or to make a short excursion into Switzerland.

It will easily be supposed that at this period Bonaparte was exceedingly jealous of encroachments on his newly-acquired supreme power in France; and it is but justice to acknowledge that he had some cause for apprehension. The republican armies had put down external aggression, but within the bosom of French society secret conspiracies were formed against the life of the First Consul; and it was generally believed that the British government privately aided in these furtive designs. No one can now seriously believe that English ministers could have lent themselves to schemes for assassinating even their worst enemy; but Napoleon himself always pretended that such was the case, either through a perverse mistake or with the view of palliating the act of villany into which his fears or his vindictiveness unhappily precipitated him. In the early part of 1804, a conspiracy was discovered in Paris, the parties implicated being mostly men of distinction. General Georges had been some time previously arrested, and those in his employment stated that he had been visited at intervals by a young man, to whom great respect was shewn. The police conjectured that this secret visitor was the Duke d'Enghien, to whose personal appearance he bore a resemblance. Spies were forthwith despatched to Ettenheim, to learn something of the duke's movements, and the story they brought back was that the prince occasionally absented himself from home—the truth being that at such times he was out on shooting excursions, and had never so much as crossed the

French frontier. These absences, however, were made coincident with the visits to Georges, the conspirator, in Paris; and on this flimsy ground of accusation it was resolved to seize the person of the duke, and bring him into France. That the seizure must be made by a military force, and on foreign soil, formed no obstacle to the French authorities.

Acting under the immediate orders of Napoleon—as has been verified by the statements of his private secretary, Menneval—General Ordener proceeded from Paris, under a feigned name, to Strasburg, where he obtained a large military force to proceed to Ettenheim. He set out secretly on the night of the 10th of March 1804, and having arrived at Strasburg, took counsel with General Leval, Charlot the colonel of gendarmes, and the commissary of police. It was resolved by this conclave to anticipate and facilitate the capture by despatching spies. The two rascals pitched on for this mission were Stahl a police-officer, and a man named Pfersdoff, both being able to speak German, and act the part of wandering peasants. By these mean agents the localities were reconnoitred, and private particulars learned respecting the movements of the duke. The appearance of the spies did not escape observation: a vague suspicion was created, but no steps were taken by the duke or his domestics to avoid a possible danger. Having done nothing wrong, there was nothing to be feared. Accordingly all proved favourable for the enterprise. It is here proper to state that the account of the two spies confirmed a report which had reached the French authorities, that Dumouriez, who was known to be engaged in a plot against the First Consul, lived in communication with the Duke d'Enghien. This was a mistake originating in a similarity of names. The person supposed to be Dumouriez was in reality a harmless French emigrant, named De Thomery. What mischief sprang from this silly mistake!

'On the evening of the 14th March,' proceeds Lamar-tine, 'General Ordener, accompanied by General Fririon, chief of General Leval's staff, and by Charlot, colonel of gendarmes, set out in the dark from Strasburg, towards the ferry of Rheinau on the Rhine, and found there, at an appointed hour, 300 dragoons, fifteen ferry-men, with five large boats; and lastly, thirty mounted gendarmes, destined to be employed in the violation of dwellings and seizure of persons, in an expedition more worthy of lictors than of soldiers. The Rhine was crossed in silence at midnight; and the column, unperceived during the sleep of the German peasants on the right bank, and guided by different roads, arrived, as the day was breaking, at Ettenheim. The spies, whom Ordener and Charlot had brought with them, pointed out to the gendarmes the houses which were to be invested. Colonel Charlot first caused to be surrounded that which was supposed to be inhabited by Dumouriez, but which was really inhabited by the emigrant General de Thomery; and then hastened with another detachment of troops to encircle and attack the house which contained the principal prey marked out at Paris. Ordener, with his dragoons, had formed a belt of cavalry around the town and the paths that environed it, so that no attempt at escape or resistance should succeed in thwarting the vengeance of the First Consul.' Early in the morning, the château of Ettenheim was violently forced open; and the duke, who was in the act of dressing to set out for the chase, was immediately seized—resistance, at first thought of, being speedily shewn to be impracticable. 'The prince was dragged away from his residence without being permitted to take a last farewell of her whom he left swooning and in tears.

While Ordener withdrew, and mustered his dragoons, the Duke d'Enghien, with his companions in captivity, was secured at a short distance from the village in a mill called La Tuilerie. Here he was permitted to send to the château for his dog, his clothes, and his linen; and shortly afterwards, placed in a cart with his attendants, he was carried forward to the ferry. At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he arrived in Strasburg, and for security was confined in the citadel. While here immured for about two days, he was allowed to write to the Princess de Rohan, describing his situation. At one o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 18th, having only had time to dress, he was placed in a carriage drawn by six horses, under the escort of several gendarmes, one of whom sat beside him. The carriage, travelling day and night, arrived on the 20th March, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the gates of Paris; and after a short pause at the ministry of foreign affairs, proceeded by the external Boulevards to Vincennes. The carriage, which had been expected, passed the drawbridge of that fortress, and stopped in the court at the door of the chef de bataillon, Harel, the commandant of the castle. . . .

'The prince descended from the carriage, shivering with cold and the moist air. Harel, feeling for his situation, asked him to walk up into his apartment to warm himself by the fire. "With pleasure," said the prince as he thanked him: "I shall look on a fire with great satisfaction: I shall also be glad to have something to eat, for I have taken nothing during the whole day." A poor woman belonging to a religious order, who educated the children of Mme Harel, and who lived outside the castle, was coming down the staircase from the commandant's quarters at the moment the prisoner was going up with his guardian. She heard the dialogue, and drew aside to let the young man pass. "He was pale," she says, "and appeared very much fatigued: he was tall, and his appearance was noble and striking. He was dressed in a long uniform riding-coat of blue cloth, with a cloth cap ornamented with gold lace." Harel, not aware of what was to follow, provided an apartment for the duke, and furnished him with supper. Of this melancholy meal the dog which had accompanied his master gratefully partook. After supper the duke wrote a letter to the princess, and then laid himself down and slept profoundly, like a man who anticipates a happy awakening.

Little was the unfortunate prince aware of the measures that had been adopted to insure his destruction. Already within a room of the castle a mock tribunal had been formed by the nomination of Murat, governor of Paris. The names of the miscreants who composed this sham court were General Hullin, president; Colonels Bazancourt, Barrois, Guittion, Ravier, and Rabbe; D'Autencourt, judge-advocate; and Molin, chief-secretary. Promptitude, silence, secrecy were enjoined; and the trial was to be only a method of passing sentence. Savary, who appears to have been deeply implicated in hurrying the duke to his fate, attended as a spectator to prevent any mismanagement. We again take up the thread of Lamar-tine's narrative.

'It was eleven o'clock at night, when the lieutenant, Noiro, and the two gendarmes, Thersis and Lerva, entered the room where the young prince was asleep. These men had tender hearts under the rude uniform of their profession, and they have since avowed how much it cost them to interrupt thus, by the summons of death, the only happiness which a captive can taste, and how gladly they would have prolonged, at least for some minutes, the repose or the dreams of the prince, who was a soldier like themselves. But the tribunal and Savary were waiting. They awakened the prince without precipitation, and without harshness of word or gesture, and he could perceive pity in their eyes

and in their accents. He dressed himself in the same clothes as the evening before. He buttoned his gaiters, and put on his travelling-cap, uncertain whether they had called him to make an appearance or to depart; and he permitted his dog, which had slept at his feet, to follow him. He then went with the lieutenant and the two gendarmes through the staircases, the corridors, and the courts, and was introduced into the chamber adjoining the saloon of Harel, where he found himself in the presence of the judge-advocate, D'Autencourt. It was then midnight, as it appears by the date of the examination. To D'Autencourt's questions as to who and what he was, and what had been his mode of life and actions, he gave simple and explicit answers, not one of which could associate him in any respect with a conspiracy; and he finally begged to be allowed to have an interview with the First Consul. This request was not acceded to. Before his assumed judges, to whom he was immediately introduced, the same plain answers were given to all interrogatories. The trial was a burlesque on justice. The accused was confronted with no witnesses; no documentary evidence was produced against him; he was allowed no advocate—a point in itself clearly illegal. There was literally nothing to criminate the prince but suspicion, and that founded on mistakes. Anxiously was he pressed to reveal the particulars of the conspiracy in which he was presumed to be engaged. He could only tell that he had borne arms against France, but in honourable warfare; and that, as a Bourbon, he must naturally retain a feeling of hostility against the revolutionary government. He also confessed that he had for some time been dependent for subsistence on bounty kindly extended to him by England. Having with a noble candour given these explanations, the accused was ordered to withdraw. Savary, the officers of the legion of gendarmerie and of the line, and the spectators also, retired to allow the judges to deliberate in silence and secrecy. Their deliberation lasted no longer than was required by decency to give them an appearance of having reflected, when, with a unanimous voice, they pronounced him guilty of having borne arms against the French republic; of being in communication with England, and concerned in conspiracies against the life of the First Consul. The sentence—death! "Let it go forth," said the president of this tribunal, "to the times in which we live, that, having been appointed judges, we have been compelled to give judgment under the penalty of being judged ourselves!" They forgot, however, that they could not be judges without a culprit, and that he who was brought before them was not amenable to their tribunal, but was an exile dragged before his enemies with the bayonet at his throat. They also forgot that they would indeed be judged by the equity of the world, by their own conscience, and by the Almighty. . . .

As soon as the judgment was pronounced, and even before it was drawn up, Hullin sent to inform Savary and the judge-advocate of the sentence of death, in order that they might take their measures for its execution. It seemed as if the time was equally pressing to the tribunal as to those who awaited their decision, and as if an invisible genius was hurrying along the acts, formalities, and hours, in order that the morning's sun might not witness the deeds of the night. Hullin and his colleagues remained in the hall of council, and drew up at random the judgment they had just given; and this short and unskilfully-prepared document (summing up a whole examination in two questions and two answers) terminated with the order to execute the sentence forthwith.

As the execution on the open esplanade of the castle might have led to unpleasant consequences, Savary resolved to have it perpetrated within the fosse of the fortification. Harel received orders to give up the keys of the iron gateways and steps which descended

from the towers, and opened on the foundations of the château, to point out the different outlets and sites, and to procure a gravedigger to commence opening a grave while the man for whom it was intended still breathed. A poor working gardener of the château, named Bontemps, was aroused, and his work pointed out to him. He was furnished with a lantern to guide him through the labyrinth of the moat, and light him while he dug the pit. Bontemps descended with his shovel and pickaxe to the bottom of the moat, and finding the ground all about dry and hard, he recollected that they had begun to dig a trench the evening before at the foot of the Queen's Pavilion, in the angle formed by the tower and a little parapet wall, for the purpose, it was said, of depositing rubbish in it. He accordingly went to the foot of the tower, marked out in paces the measure of a man's body extended at length, and dug in the earth, that had been already moved, a grave for the corpse they were preparing for it. The Duke d'Enghien could have heard from his window, over the humming noise of the troops below, the dull and regular sound of the pickaxe which was digging his last resting-place.

Savary at the same time marched down and arranged slowly in the moat the detachments of troops who were to witness this military death, and ordered the firing-party to load their muskets.

The prince was far from suspecting either so much rigour or so much haste on the part of his judges. He did not doubt that even a sentence of death, if awarded by the commission, would give occasion for an exhibition of magnanimity on the part of the First Consul. He had granted an amnesty to emigrants taken with arms in their hands; how could it be doubted, then, that he who pardoned obscure and culpable exiles would not honour himself by an act of justice or clemency towards an illustrious prince, beloved by all Europe, and innocent of all crime?

He had been taken back, after his interrogatories and his appearance before the military commission, into the room where he had slept. He entered it without exhibiting any of that terror which prisoners experience in the anxiety and uncertainty of their sentence. With a serene countenance and unembarrassed mind he conversed with his gendarmes and played with his dog. Lieutenant Noirot, who was on guard over him, had formerly served in a regiment of cavalry commanded by a colonel who was a friend of the Prince of Condé. He had also seen the Duke d'Enghien, when a child, sometimes accompany his father to reviews and field-days of the regiment; and he reminded the prince of that period and these circumstances of his youth. The duke smiled at these reminiscences, and renewed them himself by other recollections of his infancy, which mingled with those of Noirot. . . . A noise of footsteps, advancing slowly towards the chamber, interrupted this agreeable and last indulgence of captivity. It was the commandant of Vincennes, Harel, accompanied by the brigadier of the gendarmerie of the village, Aufort. This friend of Harel had been permitted to remain in one of the commandant's rooms, after having ordered the prince's supper, and from thence he had heard or seen all the events of the night. Harel, agitated and trembling at the mission he had to fulfil, had permitted Aufort to follow and assist him in his message to the prisoner.

They saluted the prince respectfully, but neither of them had the firmness to acquaint him with the truth. The dejected attitude and trembling voice of Harel alone revealed to the eye and the heart of the prince a fatal presentiment of the rigour of his judges. He thought they now came for him only to hear his sentence read. Harel desired him, on the part of the tribunal, to follow him, and he went before with a lantern in his hand, through the corridors, the passages, and the courts it was necessary to cross to

arrive at the building called the "Devil's Tower." The interior of this tower contained the only staircase and the only door descending to and opening into the lowest moat. The prince appeared to hesitate two or three times on going into this suspicious tower, like a victim which smells the blood, and which resists and turns back its head on crossing the threshold of a slaughter-house.

'Savary, while waiting till the prisoner had descended to the place of execution, and till the detachments and firing-party had been drawn up on the ground, was warning himself, standing by Harel's fire, in the hall where the trial had taken place. Hullin, after having sent off his *procès verbal* of condemnation, was sitting at the table, with his back turned towards Savary. Hoping that the sentence would be commuted by the power and clemency of the First Consul, he began reading, in his own name and in the name of all his colleagues, a letter to Bonaparte, to communicate to him the desire that the accused had expressed of obtaining an audience of him, and to supplicate him to remit a punishment which the rigour of their functions alone had forced them to award. "What are you doing?" said the man after Bonaparte's heart, approaching Hullin. "I am writing to the First Consul," said the president, "to acquaint him with the request of the condemned, and the wishes of the council." But Savary, taking the pen from the hands of the president, said to him, "Your business is done; the rest is mine."

'Hullin yielded to the authority of the general, and arose mortified at being deprived of the privilege of recommending a prisoner to mercy, which is inherent in all tribunals and military commissions. He thought that Savary claimed this privilege for himself, and he complained to his colleagues of a despotism which left the remorse more heavy on their consciences. He then prepared to return with them to Paris.

'Harel and Aufort preceded the duke in silence down the steps of the narrow winding staircase, which descended to a postern through the massy walls of this tower. The prince, with an instinctive horror of the place, and of the depth beneath the soil to which the steps were leading him, began to think they were not conducting him before the judges, but into the hands of murderers, or to the gloom of a dungeon. He trembled in all his limbs, and convulsively drew back his foot, as he addressed his guides in front: "Where are you conducting me?" he demanded with a stifled voice. "If it is to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would rather die this instant." "Sir," replied Harel turning round, "follow me, and summon up all your courage." The prince partly comprehended him, and followed.

'They at length issued from the winding staircase through a low postern, which opened on the bottom of the moat, and continued walking for some time in the dark, along the foot of the lofty walls of the fortress, as far as the basement of the Queen's Pavilion. When they had turned the angle of this pavilion, which had concealed another part of the moat behind its walls, the prince suddenly found himself in front of the detachment of the troops drawn up to witness his death. The firing-party selected for the execution was separated from the rest; and the barrels of their muskets, reflecting the dull light of some lanterns carried by a few of the attendants, threw a sinister glare on the moat, the massy walls, and the newly-dug grave. The prince stopped at a sign from his guides within a few paces of the firing-party. He saw his fate at a glance, but he neither trembled nor turned pale. A slight and chilling rain was falling from a gloomy sky, and a melancholy silence reigned throughout the moat. Nothing disturbed the horror of the scene but the whispering and shuffling feet of a few groups of officers and soldiers who had collected upon the parapets above,

and on the drawbridge which led into the forest of Vincennes.

'Adjutant Pellé, who commanded the detachment, with his eyes lowered, advanced towards the prince. He held in his hand the sentence of the military commission, which he read in a low dull voice, but perfectly intelligible. The prince listened without making an observation or losing his firmness. He seemed to have collected in an instant all his courage, and all the military heroism of his race, to shew his enemies that he knew how to die. Two feelings alone seemed to occupy him during the moment of intense silence which followed the reading of his sentence: one was to invoke the aid of religion to soothe his last struggle, and the other to communicate his dying thoughts to her he was going to leave desolate on earth.

'He accordingly asked if he could have the assistance of a priest, but there was none in the castle; and though a few minutes would suffice to call the curé of Vincennes, they were too much pressed for time, and too anxious to avail themselves of the night, which was to shroud everything. The officers nearest to him made a sign that he must renounce this consolation; and one brutal fellow, from the midst of a group, called out in a tone of irony: "Do you wish, then, to die like a Capuchin?"

'The prince raised his head with an air of indignation, and turning towards the group of officers and gendarmes who had accompanied him to the ground, he asked in a loud voice if there was any one amongst them willing to do him one last service. Lieutenant Noirot advanced from the group and approached him, thus sufficiently evincing his intention. The prince said a few words to him in a low voice, and Noirot, turning towards the side occupied by the troops, said: "Gendarmes, have any of you got a pair of scissors about you?" The gendarmes searched their cartridge-boxes, and a pair of scissors was passed from hand to hand to the prince. He took off his cap, cut one lock from his hair, drew a letter from his pocket, and a ring from his finger; then folding the hair, the letter, and the ring in a sheet of paper, he gave the little packet, his sole inheritance, to Lieutenant Noirot, charging him, in the name of pity for his situation and his death, to send them to the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan at Ettenheim.

'This love-message being thus confided, he collected himself for a moment, with his hands joined, to offer up a last prayer, and in a low voice recommended his soul to God. He then walked a few paces, to place himself in front of the firing-party, whose loaded muskets he saw glimmering at a short distance. The light of a large lantern, containing several candles, placed upon the little wall that stood over the open grave, gleamed full upon him, and lighted the aim of the soldiers. The firing-party retired a few paces to a proper distance, the adjutant gave the word to fire, and the young prince, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell upon the earth, without a cry, and without a struggle. At that moment the clock of the castle struck the hour of three.

'Hullin and his colleagues were waiting in the vestibule of Harel's quarters for their carriage to convey them back to Paris, and were talking with some bitterness of Savary's refusal to transmit their letter to his master, when an unexpected explosion, resounding from the moat of the forest gate, made them start and tremble, and taught them that judges should never reckon upon anything but justice and their own conscience. This still small voice pursued them through their lives. The Duke d'Enghien was no more.

'His dog, which had followed him into the moat, yelled when he saw him fall, and threw himself on the body of his master. It was with difficulty the poor animal could be torn away from the spot, and given to one of the prince's servants, who took him to the

Princess Charlotte—the only messenger from that tomb where slept the hapless victim whom she never ceased to deplore. They placed him, dressed as he was, in the grave dug under the wall; and they buried with him his money, his watch, his rings, his trinkets, and a chain that he wore round his neck. They took nothing from the pocket of his coat but the diary of his journey, which Hullin put under cover, and addressed to R  al for the First Consul. It is only necessary to add that Napoleon, on hearing the whole circumstances of the case, said, 'Tis well!' It is known that he afterwards loaded the murderers of the Duke d'Enghien with wealth and honours.

The finishing scene of this terrible drama remains to be noticed. On the day after the execution, a post-chaise with four horses, containing a young lady and an old man, drove up to the door of the inn at Vincennes. The lady was the Princess de Rohan, and the aged man was her father. The princess had hurried from the borders of the Rhine to implore pardon for him she loved. She arrived in time only to learn his death, and to mourn a separation till reunited in a better world.

Every sort of shuffle has been resorted to for the purpose of screening Bonaparte from the obloquy of this horrible act, but without avail. At St Helena he justified the deed on the ground of the conspiracies known to be carrying on against his life, and the necessity for striking terror into the Bourbons and their adherents. Hullin, Savary, and some other agents of Napoleon, have in their published memoirs endeavoured to free themselves from blame by throwing the burden of guilt on others. Hullin, going beyond the rest in expressions of regret, speaks of suffering pangs of remorse for the part he was compelled to act; but as these penitential feelings were paraded during the reign of the restored Bourbons, their sincerity may admit of some degree of doubt. History, which clears up state-mysteries, has fully demonstrated the entire innocence of the unfortunate D'Enghien. By one of the most recent revelations, it is evident that throughout the whole affair the duke had been mistaken for the young Count Jules de Polignac, who was the real party that had been in communication with Georges in Paris! This fact only aggravates the injustice perpetrated by Napoleon, whose doom we shall suffer the honest Lamartine to pronounce, in words ever to be remembered.

'Neither mankind nor history will ever pardon the spilling of this innocent blood by Napoleon. A tomb has been raised to him under the dome built by Louis XIV. at the Palace of the Invalids, where the statues of twelve victories, hewn out from one single block of granite, harmonising with the massy pillars which support the lofty edifice, seem to stand the sentinels of ages around the urn of porphyry which contains his bones. But there is in the shade, and seated on the sepulchre, an invisible statue which tarnishes and blights all the others—the statue of a young man, torn by hired nocturnal assassins, from the arms of her he loved, from the inviolable asylum in which he confided, and slaughtered by the light of a lantern at the foot of the palace of his sires. People go to visit, with a cold curiosity, the battle-fields of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, of Leipsic, and of Waterloo; they walk over them with dry eyes; then they are shewn at the angle of a wall round the foundations of Vincennes, at the bottom of a trench, a place covered with nettles and marsh-mallows, and they exclaim: "It is there!" With a cry of indignation they carry from the spot an eternal pity for the victim and an implacable resentment against the assassin! This resentment is a vengeance for the past; but it is also a lesson for the future. Let the ambitious, whether soldiers, tribunes, or kings, reflect, that if there are mercenary soldiers to serve them, and flatterers to excuse them while they reign, there is the conscience of humanity

afterwards to judge them, and pity to detest them. The murderer has but his hour—the victim has eternity!'

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

SEVERAL spirited ladies of the United States have made their appearance at the head of a movement for the reform of the female dress. A Mrs Bloomer of New York is the literary advocate of the party, and from her it seems likely to take an appellation. Other ladies have begun to act as apostles of the cause, not merely by writing and lecturing, but by exemplifying the new costume on their own persons, appearing as a sign to the people, to use the phrase of Robert Barclay of famous memory, when he walked into the streets of Aberdeen without any dress at all.

The Bloomer reformation has not been well received in this country. By association and otherwise, it excites too much merriment to be held in much respect. Accordingly, some of the apostles have been treated in a manner rather martyrly. This is all very natural. First, there is a great standing absurdity which provokes the wrath of all rational minds. Some one starts off in a crusade against it, and goes to the opposite extreme. The public, tolerant of the first error from habit, hoots the second because it is new, failing to observe the good which is at the bottom of it. So it is that our people see women every day defying common sense and good taste by the length of their skirts, and say little about it, but no sooner observe one or two examples of a dress verging a little too far in an opposite direction, than they raise the shout of a persecuting ridicule. We say there may be some little extravagance in the Bloomer idea, but it is common sense itself in comparison with the monstrous error and evil which it seeks to correct.

That some reform is wanted all the male part of creation agree. Many of the ladies, too, admit the inconvenience of the long skirts which have been for some years in fashion, though they profess to be unable to break through the rule. Why should not some compromise be entered into? In order to avoid trailing through mud and dust, it is not necessary to dock petticoats and frocks by the knee, or to assume a masculinity in other parts of the attire. Neither is it necessary to connect a rational length of skirt with certain unhappy foolish notions about equal privileges of the sexes, which seems to be one of the mistakes made by the Bloomer party in America. Let there simply be a reduction of the present nuisance, an abbreviation of those trolloping skirts by which even a man walking beside the wearer is not unfrequently defiled. When the hem of the garment is on the level of the ankle, which once was the case, it answers all the purposes of decorum, and is sufficiently cleanly. A return to that fashion would do away with all objection. Or if one or two inches more be taken off, and the void filled by such trousers as are generally worn by young girls, it might be as well, or better. Such changes might be brought about with little fracas, like any of the ordinary changes of fashion.

If the question is between the present skirts and Bloomerism, then we are Bloomerites; for we would rather consent to error in the right direction than the wrong one.

We have alluded to fashion and its slavery. It is a curious subject, not unworthy of even a philosophic attention. In the late wondrous exhibition of the industrial arts of the civilised world, how many admirable devices were presented for articles of utility and ornament! What an idea did it in its general effect give of the amount of ingenious intellect exercised on such matters! Yet we never see any of the same taste and ingenuity exercised in the fashioning of clothes. Milliners and tailors appear to be the most brainless of

all professions. We scarcely remember to have ever seen a new fashion proceed from them which accorded with true elegance, and which did not tend to deform rather than adorn the human person. At present they make a woman into a bell-shaped object, painful from the sense of its incompleteness—feet being wanting. Always some absurdity reigns conspicuous in their models of form. Each of them will tell you: We cannot help it—it is the fashion. But whence comes the fashion, if not from some of their own empty heads? And how is it that no one of them can help it, but that no one of them has the sense or spirit to devise, set forth, and promote anything better? The tailors are better than the milliners, and do not in general misdress mankind to such an extent as to call for a particular effort of resistance; but the women are treated by their dressmakers in a way which would call for and justify a rebellion. A friend of ours goes so far as to say that the one thing above all which convinces him of the inferiority of the female mind generally to the male, is the submission which women shew to every foolish fashion which is dictated to them, and that helplessness which they profess under its most torturing and tyrannical rules. We would at least say that, if there is folly in a fantastic dissent—such as that of Mrs Bloomer and her friends—there is a far greater self-condemnation of the judgment in adherence to an absurdity which involves filthiness as well as inelegance, like the present long skirts.

LOTTERIES IN NORTHERN ITALY.

In travelling through various states of Germany and Italy, it may be observed by placards on the walls that the lottery still exists as an institution recognised and regulated by public authority. Of course, one feels inclined to despise governments which countenance this species of gambling; but as we all recollect the days of state-lotteries in England, with the vociferous advertisements about 'lucky offices,' the disposition utterly to condemn these continental authorities is a good deal modified. Civilisation goes on by slow steps, and it does not do for one country to abuse another for its backwardness.

Let us, however, for the sake of a little amusement, describe the lottery-system of Piedmont. There the game of purchasing tickets and drawing numbers is rather curious. The numbers in each lottery are only from one to ninety. He who wishes to play goes to a lottery-office, and dictates any of these numbers he pleases to the office-keeper, who writes them upon a double register. You may put as many numbers as you please in one ticket, or separate them into several. This done, the office-keeper cuts off from the register the tickets demanded—of which the duplicate remains—and gives them to you in exchange for your money. The men employed in the lottery are paid no salary, but are entitled to 8 per cent. on the receipts. When the day comes for drawing, five numbers are publicly extracted from a wheel containing from one to ninety, and the winning tickets are those inscribed with either two, three, or four of these numbers, which have come out. A single number guessed gives no right to anything. The guessing of two numbers—called *ambo*—is paid 270 times the amount of money staked; three numbers guessed—a *terno*—bring 5500 times; and, finally, four entitle to 60,000 times the stake.

At first sight, to any one inexperienced in this species of gaming, winning seems very easy. It only requires to put a great many numbers in one ticket—say twenty or thirty—and with a little perseverance one is almost sure to win. But, practically, although the quantity of numbers does indubitably increase the chances of winning, it augments also in an alarming proportion the various combinations of these numbers, and conse-

quently the amount of money that must be staked. A franc staked upon each combination is the rate at which a fair sum may be realised in case of winning; but although a franc is the minimum staked on every ticket, there is likewise a minimum for the stake on each variety of combination—of ten centimes for each *ambo*, and of five for each *terno* and *quaterno*. This is the way in which generally poor people—who are the majority—play, and this is the reason why the prizes of *terno* and *quaterno*, which are not uncommon, are generally very small.

Every object in nature is represented by a number; but of course, as there are only ninety of these numbers, while things inexistence are innumerable, a multiplicity of them come under the same head. In each lottery-office there hangs a table of the ninety numbers, each occupying a square, which contains, rudely coloured, the thing or things represented by their respective number. This table is daily examined and consulted by amateurs, to what profit it is vain to ask. There is also at your disposal in every lottery-office a precious book entitled 'A Key to Dreams.' Even Christian names have their corresponding numbers; and to each number from one to ninety is annexed the name of a poor woman, who receives fifty francs (a good idea this!) when the number to her assigned comes up. The names of these ninety women, followed by the names of their fathers, form a register, which any one may consult. Now suppose you have dreamed of a Rosa or a Caterina, what have you to do? Just to turn over the above-mentioned list, and the number to which is annexed the name of a Rosa or a Caterina is the one you are in search of. The same for names of men. You see that nothing has been forgotten, and that every case is foreseen and provided for.

The lottery is drawn eight-and-forty times in the year, four times each month, alternately at Turin and Genoa every Saturday at mid-day. When there chances to fall five Saturdays in one month, on the fifth there is no drawing. This ceremony is not very imposing. At Genoa it takes place in a low, dirty room in the ducal palace, in presence of a limited public, invariably composed of soldiers, sailors, street-porters, and market-women—some hundred and fifty, not counting the babies that these ladies, young or old, always carry in their arms. The remaining space in the hall is occupied by a platform, like the stage of a theatre, at each extremity of which there is a large wheel suspended by swivels upon a stand. By the side of each of these wheels, in the attitude of two guardian genii, stand two charity boys in blue surtouts, blue sashes, white cotton gloves, and huge shirt-collars, to make amends for an absent cravat. Each couple is possessed of a white handkerchief between them, to which, be it the effect of cold or of novelty, the two co-proprietors have frequent recourse. Precisely as twelve o'clock strikes a certain movement takes place in the hall, and three gentlemen, with not too clean linen, members of the town-council, come forward and take their places in the middle of the platform, while a dozen fifes and trumpets execute a flourish.

Now the operation begins. A little window in the wheel on the right hand of the spectator is opened, and charity-boy No. 1 is hoisted up to a level with the opening; boy No. 2 stands a little lower; and a dirty attendant proceeds to weigh, four at a time, two in each scale, the covers or sheaths, at present empty, in which shortly after are to be shut up the numbers. These sheaths are shaped like large needle-cases, and open and shut in the middle. As fast as each of these is weighed, the dirty attendant passes it to boy No. 2, who passes it in his turn to boy No. 1, who throws it into the wheel. When the ninety sheaths have been thus weighed and thrown in, the little opening is previously closed, and the wheel turned

several times upon itself. Then it is opened again, and boy No. 1 takes out of it, one by one, the little cases, which he passes on in due succession to boy No. 2, who hands them over to the dirty attendant, who presents them to the gentleman on the left, who gives them to the gentleman in the middle, in whose hands they remain a little while. During this operation another unwashed, standing behind the gentleman in the middle, exhibits to the public a little square bit of dirty paper—everything and everybody connected with the business is as dirty as possible—and calls out with a loud voice the number engraved upon it, and the name of a poor woman annexed to it, as we have said. 'No. 1, Teresa Cornaro, daughter of Paul; No. 2, Maria Bella, daughter of the late Bartholomew;' and so on. As fast as the squares of paper are shewn to the public, and the numbers thereupon proclaimed, the attendant makes a little roll of each that he hands to the gentleman in the middle, who insinuates it into one of the sheaths which we have already seen remain with him. These little cases are shut one after another, and through the hands of the gentleman on the right of the charity-boy No. 2 and No. 1 of the second couple, each envelope now containing a number passes into the wheel hitherto unemployed on the right hand of the spectator. At every tenth number the wheel is shut and made to turn rapidly round and round several times.

When the ninety numbers have been transferred to the wheel on the right, the music strikes up again, the charity-boy No. 1 is blindfolded, plunges his hand into the wheel, draws from thence a sheath, which passing from hand to hand is delivered to the gentleman in the middle. He opens it, takes out the little roll, and gives it to the attendant, who unfolds it, shews it to the public, and proclaims with a loud voice the number it contains; and so on five times following, with a good fling of the wheel, and a flourish of the music between each. The numbers thus drawn are received with a murmur of approbation or with ironical cheers, according as they are expected or not, popular or not: for—where shall we not find popularity and unpopularity?—there are some numbers which are popular and some which are not. Under the former head may be ranged 5, 16, 32, 39, 48, 50, all double numbers, and the whole series from 80 to 90. Why there should be any preference in numbers it would not be easy to tell. Gamblers are usually superstitious; and what more likely than that those who habitually stake money on hazard should come to associate luck with certain numbers.

From time to time a rumour goes abroad that such or such a person has the gift of second-sight with respect to the numbers which are about to come. I remember very well that, not many years ago, public credulity had endowed a poor Capuchin friar with this precious foresight, and the unfortunate man could not appear in public without being beset by a crowd of people, who asked him for numbers. The police were obliged to interfere, and the poor prophet, I believe, was ordered to change his residence.

We have seen how many minute precautions surround the public drawing of the lottery, so as to remove even the least possibility of fraud. In spite of this a general popular notion prevails that the government does not play fair; and whenever a certain number which is expected does not come out, Caterina, my old cook, will shake her head and say: 'Such or such number is too much played—an order is come from Turin to strike it off the wheel;' or, 'Such another number wont come out; they have put a leaden weight to it, so that it must sink to the bottom of the wheel.' What can one answer to this?

Caterina's all-absorbing interest in life has been for fifty years, and still is, the lottery, in which she may be said to live and move. Its abolition would prove her

death. She is an authority with all the maids and milk-women of the quarter, and when she has said of a number that it *wont do*, this number is condemned. Caterina has an independent way of her own, and so she rejects with scorn the commonplace doctrine which makes of dreams the great and exclusive source of divination. Dreams ought to be attended to, certainly, but at the proper time. She contends that for those who have eyes to see, the occurrences of everyday life may afford the widest, and at the same time the safest ground for cabalistic speculation. On this principle she acts, and is on the look-out from morning to night. If a mason fall from a scaffolding, if a poor fellow faint in the street, if a dog howl in a certain way, if thunder roll, if the river overflow, if two drunken soldiers set to quarrelling, if a funeral chance to pass, if the chimney be on fire, if the neighbour be brought to bed of twins—Caterina, like a new sort of bee, draws from each of these events a honey *sui generis*, which ends by crystallising into numbers. Caterina goes out betimes, for meetings in the early morning are the best. If the first person she sees is a woman or a priest, it is a bad omen; if a chimney-sweeper, a sign of luck; if a cat crosses the street, the day will be fortunate. Every day, as sure as the day comes, Caterina goes to hear mass in a church specially dedicated to the souls in purgatory, and addresses to them fervent prayers to send her good numbers. Theirs, as it seems, is the lottery department in yonder world. After this she begins her operations. But to pick up a certain quantity of choice numbers is not all: they must, moreover, be proved. It is in this second stage of the business that the efficaciousness of dreams has been made evident. You prove your numbers by putting them under your pillow when you go to bed. Your dream, provided you know how to interpret it properly, will tell you exactly whether your note contain good numbers, and how many. Generally speaking, to dream of silver, gold, or diamonds, is unfavourable. To dream of rags or rubbish is very good, but the best of all is to dream of fire: wherever there is fire, there is sure winning. Let me tell you as to this point a short anecdote, the authenticity of which I can guarantee as an eye-witness. A lady dreams that her drawer was on fire. Search is made, and an old lottery-ticket with three numbers is found; these numbers are played, and all come up. What say you?

Saturdays of course are days of great excitement with Caterina, and the dinner had better look to itself. If she does not win, which is often the case, it is somebody's fault; her own fault sometimes, she allows it freely and passionately. 'Fool that I was! to attend to the milk-woman, and to put aside two numbers of which I was sure! The souls in purgatory sent them to me, bless them! But of what use was it? I do not deserve to win. I will never put into the lottery again!' You laugh at poor Caterina's infatuation, and so do I. And yet Caterina has twice won a terno, and with the produce thereof she has given a marriage-portion to each of her two daughters.

It is naturally amid the poor and ignorant that the lottery chiefly finds its votaries; yet there are exceptions to this rule. I have seen a young man of good family, of the best education, and, I venture to say, of superior attainments, prove in this respect as absurd as Caterina, and fall a victim to his own folly.

He had obtained through the interest of his family a situation of high trust and good pecuniary profit in a public office, of which he was named cashier. The chest was heaped full of gold, a small portion of which, as he thought, would suffice to make his fortune. Why not borrow it for a short time? The temptation proved too strong. He borrowed, and borrowed, till at the end of two years there was a deficit of £20,000 sterling, which the lottery had swallowed up. As it

may be supposed, the young man did not go to the first chance office to take his tickets for stakes of 10,000 or 20,000 francs at a time, which would have infallibly brought about the discovery of his guilty practice. It was in the hands of a friend, keeper of a lottery-office, that he placed in private, and with the utmost secrecy, the sums which he played, and this friend returned to the young man in the strictest secrecy the ticket or tickets containing the numbers taken, and setting forth the sum staked upon them. Our gambler was in despair. In a month he would be called upon for his accounts, and it would be impossible to conceal further the enormous deficit. What was to be done? Once more he takes his chance in the lottery. This happened before 1842, an epoch at which certain combinations of the game which offered most temptation were abolished. One of the combinations then subsisting was to stake upon a single number, fixing beforehand the place it would hold in the series drawn—that is, that it would come out first, second, third, and so on. This *determinate extract*, as it was called, was paid seventy times the amount staked. The young man staked upon number *seventy first drawn* 10,000 francs (L.400 sterling.) *Seventy came first drawn.* This was a prize of 700,000 francs (L.28,000 sterling.) Imagine the raptures of our cashier. Not only had he wherewith to fill up the deficit, but there remained an overplus of clear gain 200,000 francs (L.8000.) He rushes to his friend's house, but does not find him. He goes to seek him at his lottery-office; he had not been seen there. The cashier shews his winning-ticket; the head-clerk turns to the register, and finds indeed the duplicate of the winning-ticket—but, alas! instead of a stake of 10,000 francs there is one of ten francs upon it. The false friend had thus appropriated to himself almost the whole of the sums gambled by the cashier during the two past years. The tickets which he used to give to the unfortunate young man bore the whole figure meant to be staked; but in the duplicate which remained upon the register he used to mark merely some insignificant amount, and of course pocketed the difference. It is scarcely necessary to add that the faithless friend did not reappear: he had run off to France. The infatuated cashier had barely time to do the same, in order to escape the terrible consequences of his breach of trust, and died shortly afterwards in extreme poverty. The incident will serve to remind readers of various instances of defalcation in bankers' clerks which came to light in England during the late railway mania—a kind of gambling as injurious to society as anything connected with the continental lotteries.

LONDON FROM THE VIADUCTS.

RAILWAYS have opened new prospects all over the land: we no longer travel the old, familiar, hedge-fringed highways, but flit through valleys, across plains, and under hills before unvisited; and in most cases, instead of dashing boldly into a town we pass outside of it, oftentimes in a deep cutting, and never know anything of its real chronic aspect unless we stop and perambulate it for the special purpose. In some instances, were it not for the name legibly painted on the station-wall, you would not know that you were stopping at a town at all; in others, such as at Bath, you look up at the town, which rises handsomely above you as the train speeds by; or, as at Edinburgh, where, from the bottom of the deep valley which bisects the city, you get a glimpse of the huge castle and the old town on one side, and of the new town, with some of its monumental edifices, on the other. Never was a city so well prepared to receive railways as Edinburgh: the valley affords all needful entry and exit without disturbing streets or houses.

But it is not always burrowing. At times the iron road rises to a remarkable altitude, and we look down

on men and their ways and works with a glance often more comprehensive than comfortable. What a fine bird's-eye view you get of Berwick while crossing the lofty bridge over the Tweed, and of Newcastle while traversing the Tyne—full of excitement and interest. At Stockport, too, the viaduct is on a level with the tops of the tall factory chimneys; and you are half inclined, as the extraordinary spectacle presents itself, to question the possibility of ever reaching the solid earth again. There is scarcely a county that cannot shew some similar railway phenomena—stand-points for new prospects, as we said at starting, not unprofitable to contemplate; but we must confine our view for the present to the banks of the Thames.

Five of the railways which have termini in the metropolis make their approach on viaducts at several points from the north-east round to the south and south-west—precisely the directions which shew most of the characteristics of a densely-crowded city. Streets, lanes, alleys, and gardens are traversed by the arched highway; and not a few of the mysteries of London are revealed to the gaze of the inquisitive traveller as he looks down from the train coming grumbling in with slackened speed: he will see some aspects of the great capital not perceptible to those who pass along the ordinary level of the streets.

We have travelled on all these viaducts, greatly to the increase and rectification of our topographical and social knowledge. From the centre to the circumference we have found something peculiar to each point of the compass—each suburb has a character of its own. At present we can only study them piecemeal, by going from one terminus to another; but some day, perhaps, we shall have a circular railway all round London similar to that which is to engirdle Paris, and then without leaving the carriage we shall be able to contrast Belgravia and Paddingtonia with Bethnal Green and Bermondsey—the sumptuous with the squalid, splendid indolence with prosy industry. A portion of the circle is already complete: from Camden-Town to Fenchurch Street, passing close to the Pentonville Prison, where 'unlovely' captives are immured, skirting Islington and classic Highbury, traversing insipid Kingsland, cutting Hackney in two, touching Bow—the whole route a strange intermingling of town and country until it joins and becomes part of the Blackwall line at Stepney. You may travel the whole nine miles for fourpence, with the comfortable assurance that the ride is well worth the money whether you have business in hand or not.

Leaving town by the South-western line you first get a view of the shabby-genteel, and altogether mean district lying between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, including a peep at the New Cut in Lambeth, a street always busiest on the Sunday. Here and there are open squares surrounded by poor tenements; and the whole space covered with broken crockery, refuse vegetables, and dirty children. Next Vauxhall Gardens are seen; and you are puzzled to know how so dreary-looking a place should have gained an Elysian reputation. Then come gasworks, foundries, kilns, stoneware and whitening factories—the entire suburb is filled with artisans of various grades—Battersea Fields are beyond, and soon you are in the green, glad country.

Go to Greenwich: immediately on leaving the terminus at London Bridge you look down on tortuous, unctuous, odorous Bermondsey. There is a powerful smell from the tan-pits and the heaps of spent bark, and the glue-factories, and the dyers and hatters, tainting the atmosphere of an uninviting neighbourhood. There is a muddy creek led in from the river after the Dutch fashion; there is another too: and there is Jacob's Island—suggestive, besides its own especial attributes, of Oliver Twist and Bill Sykes. A long maze of masts marks the course of the Thames, and

huge warehouses seem to be ever swallowing the cargoes of ships; cranes creak, steam-engines clank, trucks rattle, wagons rumble, as sugar, treacle, timber, and other produce from the ends of the earth, are hoisted, wheeled hither and thither, sold or stored. Presently you are flying across Market-gardens: there lies Greenwich, yonder New Cross, and London is left behind.

Turn into Fenchurch Street, and qualify yourself for a ride to Blackwall: you mount a long flight of steps, take your seat in a carriage, the train moves, and Bermondsey with a difference is beneath you, not quite so noisome in appearance, but with features in common with the opposite shore. There is no mistaking the locality: you feel assured it must be near the river, for you see stores of sails, ropes, masts, booms, cars, and all sorts of ships' furniture, new, second-hand, and worn out; and occasionally a wooden midshipman squinting through the sights of a quadrant, perched on a bracket; or a flagstaff bearing a bit of bunting rigged on a house-top to indicate where nautical instruments are to be purchased. You see boats at landing-places, and in yards in all stages of efficiency and dilapidation, and are made aware of much that is going on by senses other than that of sight; for the noise of shipwrights' and calkers' hammers comes to the ear, and the scent of tar and fumes of burning pitch to the olfactory nerves, in addition to the constant odours of fish and mud. Low taverns there are in number, with groups of grim sailors and noisy coal-whippers lounging about them, and you hear sounds of boisterous merriment or noisy quarrel. Then come coal-yards and coal-docks, crammed with ships and lighters, all as black as carboniferous dust can make them; and presently the long ranges of the West India Docks, with troops of labourers waiting to be hired at the gates, and all the signs of a great and active business going on; and soon afterwards the bowsprits of tall ships appear above your head stretching far across the line—and before you have ceased to wonder at the sights which have passed like a moving panorama, the train stops at Blackwall.

Our journeyings have been most frequent on the Eastern Counties line—the view from which, though presenting much in common with the others, has yet certain distinctive characteristics. You are no sooner clear of the terminus in Shoreditch than you have proof of the assertion that to every bad there is a worse; for however wretched the fronts of the houses appear in the narrow streets, the backs are still more wretched. Forward there may be a sincere or spurious attempt to look respectable, but rearward there is no hypocrisy, and you may seek behind each dwelling for its certificate of character, and learn not a little of hole-and-corner life, domestic and otherwise. What a *plexus* of gloomy streets and alleys meets your eye, with tall old houses, each storey lighted by a small-paned casement-window, running its whole length, and many of them surmounted by a supplementary attic, seemingly built of nothing but slate and glass, scarcely less hot during the dog-days than 'under the leads' at Venice. You cannot help commiserating the poor silk-weavers who inhabit them. In some the looms are seen vibrating briskly, in others languidly; and from the alternate motions you may infer, if you will, the character of those who produce them. The railway is on a level with the roofs; hence you can see plainly into the rooms, and look down the less aspiring chimneys. It is easy to perceive that most of the apartments serve for parlour, kitchen, and sleeping-room as well as workshop; and while the husband plies the shuttle, the wife may be seen cooking, washing, mending stockings, or leaning out at the window with three or four children clinging to her side, and others crawling upon the floor. At times the weary weaver himself turns his head as the train passes, with a wish perhaps that he also were speeding away to green

fields beyond the smoke; yet he pauses not in his labour, for his struggle to live is a desperate one. The condition of too many of these households can only be expressed by the term 'hugger-mugger': a few, however, exhibit praiseworthy signs of an effort towards amelioration—flowers in pots and boxes stand outside the windows, and here and there a convolvulus or nasturtium twines round a string stretched across the panes, cheering, it may be hoped, the hearts of those who tend them. Then there are numbers of bird-cages hanging out, and you may hear the mellow notes of the blackbird, the trill of the lark, or warble of the goldfinch, and you will conclude that the people hereabouts have a keen relish for the song of birds, or are rare ornithologists. In truth they do know a good deal about the qualities and habits of winged creatures; and it is worth remembering that many of these poor weavers are excellent mathematicians, and have for many years constituted a mathematical society. Blessed be that learning which thus dignifies and lightens the humblest toil!

There is another branch of ornithology studied in this neighbourhood; you see which it is by the numerous pigeon-coops and traps constructed of sticks and wire on the house-top, with more or less of skill and neatness. Always on the Sunday, and frequently during the week, you may see the owner peeping from a trap-door in the roof, or lolling against the chimney-stack, and watching with keen though quiet eye his flock of pigeons, as they tumble and wheel in circling flight. If more than his number come home he is not averse to the increase, for, unless sadly belied, many of the owners are sharp practitioners, and cunning in the inveiglement of *columbiade*. How the wary fellows seem to enjoy themselves lounging there on the slope of the roof in the warm sunshine!

You have scarcely had time to make observations before you are past the dingy weaving district and the headquarters of pigeon-fanciers, and enter what may be called a miscellaneous neighbourhood. Rows of pert, pretentious cottages are seen trying to look genteel, though some of them are put out of countenance by having their front-walls and windows not more than three feet from the side of the viaduct: you could step easily from the parapet to the edge of their roof. Fine weather is surely lost upon their occupants, and the roar and clatter of forty or fifty trains passing between sunrise and sunset must be a continual cause of exasperation. In some instances an attempt is made to convert the annoyance into a source of profit, by enterprising publicans, who fit up the roof of their house as an open-air drinking-stage, where drouthy customers may quench their thirst on sultry afternoons, and watch the passing trains. Crowds of bibulous people, male and female, may often be seen on these elevations, zealous in smoke and sonorous in song, particularly on Sunday evenings from six to ten.

There is always a difference in the view on Sundays: tired labour lies longer abed, and blinds are kept down and shutters closed until noon. Now and then you may see a corner of a curtain raised as you dash past, and a night-capped head gaze sleepily out, owl-like, dazzled by the bright sunshine. But the curtain drops, and the head goes back to its pillow, darkened chamber, and stifling atmosphere. Tired labour does not always take the best means of restoring itself, and clings with fatal fondness to a morning of sleep and an afternoon of jollity.

The plots of ground behind the houses seem to have been parcelled out by a stingy hand, so diminutive do they appear; but many of them are turned to good account. Look at that coal-yard, scarcely twelve feet square, and yet it ingests more tons of 'best Wallsend' in a year, to egest them in quantities from ten pounds to ten hundredweight, than would be credible by the uninitiated. There, too, is a timber-yard of the like

dimensions, with stacks of deals, and ranges of boards, planks, and scantling coaxed into a space that a villager would consider hardly large enough for a pigsty. Close by is a foundry, with a furnace in full blaze in alarming proximity to the adjoining houses, whose inmates have to 'put up' with the thumping of hammers, the gasping of bellows, and annoyance of flame and smoke, without hope of respite. These vanish; and next you see the gardens of two rows of 'back-to-back' houses, all as green and lively as scarlet-runners, hollyhocks, dahlias, and thickly-sown vegetables can make them. They form a little vista of verdure, as welcome as the oasis in the desert. These, however, are exceptions, for most of the plots shew nothing but neglect: in one place stands a pile of old baskets; in another brickbats, wrecks of pots and pans, a decaying crate, a dilapidated cask, or broken-down cart; and the roofs of the little pantiled penthouses behind each row of tenements are covered with similar deformities. Why they are preserved is a mystery which perhaps the owners themselves would be puzzled to explain. Except as an atmospheric area the whole of these miserable plots may be looked upon as wasted. Yet among them are slips and angles of ground from which the utmost benefit is exacted: here is just room for a cart to stand shafts uppermost; there a truck lies on its side in the smallest of nooks; yonder three cabs are accommodated, but we have never yet seen how the horses manage to squeeze by them to get to the stable. In another queer-looking hole we saw the X-shaped advertising vehicle which once went proudly through the streets exhibiting the name of DOUDNEY in all the glory of ultramarine and gold. The glory had departed: capital letters no longer made its eight surfaces eloquent, and it stood there idle and weather-stained—a melancholy example of occupation gone.

There is a skittle-ground at the rear of a tavern—a more unattractive-looking place would not be easy to imagine: a mere strip of earth surrounded by a gloomy fence; and yet you see men as earnest and intent in knocking down the pins as though there was nothing else worth living for; and as though there was no such place as Greenwich Park, whither they might travel for the cost of a quart of porter. Close by is a pigsty, where you see the owner—doubtless an Irishman—sitting astride on the fence, and talking to his neighbour on the merits of his gruntings. A little farther, and there are three or four families of costermongers, their morning's work over, smoking and eating in their gardens, and drinking healths from five or six doors off. Here and there are women washing dishes, or the clothes of the household, while with voluble tongue they strive to check the unruly propensities of their children; and ever and anon you hear cries and wailings, provoked by a hasty and angry slap. Domestic life in public is not always an agreeable subject of contemplation. Or another branch of industry appears: a cabinetmaker has brought his bench out of doors, and is working busily, while the breeze sweeps away his shavings, and perhaps imparts to him a brief, unwonted vigour, which gladdens his overworked frame; for unless those three *chiffonniers* standing there 'in carcass' are finished by Saturday he will not have wherewith to buy the Sunday dinner. Weary work: week after week, and never a penny the richer!

There is a sound of many young voices: you look and see a small play-ground, where some twenty or thirty children are playing as only children can play; as happy, apparently, in their limited territory as though it were an Arkansas prairie. How they look when summoned into school we have never yet had the opportunity of witnessing.

These are but a few of the sights that present themselves from the viaduct; the variety and contrast are scarcely to be classified or enumerated. Extremes meet—pleasure-grounds and graveyards, churches and

taverns, appear in close proximity. Then there are canals, roads, bridges, ponds, green and stagnant ditches, coke-furnaces, windmills, gardens, brickyards, meadows—where the sheep are blackened by London smoke—potato-patches; all the phenomena, in fact, of the debatable ground between *urbs* and *rūs*, until, having passed Stratford, you are in the broad, flat, Dutch-looking meadows which stretch away with little interruption to the fenny levels of Lincolnshire.

THE BUSHRANGERS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

AFTER the extermination of Donoghue and his companions, the good folks in the neighbourhood of the Hunter River began to throw off together their fears and precautionary measures, no doubt hopeful that the sad end of these wretches would deter others from entering on the same hazardous course of life. On this, however, we reckoned prematurely; for in 1838 another company of bushrangers, as daring and not less sanguinary, sprang up under the command of a man named Davis, reputedly of Jewish origin; but as his visits never extended to our neighbourhood, we trusted to escape being brought into contact with him or his party. It is true we returned to our old safeguards: the doors were kept locked, and barricaded at dusk; the arms ready loaded and in good order; and there was always a tendency on our parts to make for shelter on the distant warning given us, by our dogs, of the approach of horsemen.

In 1839 I was once more obliged to visit Sydney, and, as formerly, business induced me to take a circuitous route homewards. I traversed nearly the same road that had brought me into such a disagreeable acquaintance with Donoghue; nor could I help remembering all the unpleasant suspense of that occasion, which Buka took care to improve by pointing out every now and then the localities of greatest interest, descanting on the events with a volubility which evidenced that I had guarded against any more 'belly-tighteners' in travelling. We crossed over the wild and varied Warren-warren Range towards Ravensdale; thence down Bumbo's Hill—so called after one of the aborigines with a deformed foot, who practised 'baling up' on any single or unarmed person that passed his haunt; thence on through Ravensdale Creek and the cedar seuchs past Yanamolong to the Valley of Wyong, at which place Mr Soling—a respectable Danish settler—obliged me with his hospitality. The morning after my arrival all the establishment was in busy ply at a very early hour; for on that day Mr Soling was to have his annual cattle-marking—one of the most animating employments connected with the squatter's life. As is usual on such occasions, a number of friends had congregated to assist, and a scene of much excitement prevailed. Some were in the stockyard busily throwing the lasso and branding; others were outside, on horseback, ever and anon giving chase to some fiery-tempered bullock, that perhaps, having overturned two or three sturdy stockmen, would dash through every obstacle, and scour the well-cleared open space in front of the station, his pursuers yelling, whooping, and cracking their stock-whips in deafening uproar. Such meetings were then indeed festive; the good things of this life were in abundant supply, for settlers could well afford them, such was the prosperous state of the colony. About fourteen of us were thus merrily at work, when, just as we were about to leave off for breakfast, our party very unexpectedly received an addition by the arrival of seven men, all heavily armed—pistols in their belts and double-barrelled guns in their hands—who galloped furiously up to the enclosure—the leader Davis, recognised by his Israelitish features, calling out: 'Bale up this moment, or we'll fire among you.' At the same time some of them rode to

the front of the house where Mrs Soling and female friends were busily at work preparing for our bodily wants; and a succession of screams from the inmates assured us the unfortunate ladies were also 'baled up.' The notification produced the same effects on all our party—stupid, staring fright. Mr Soling tried to stammer out something, but Davis cut him short with a blasphemous oath, letting him know, 'that if any person attempted to use force, or to leave the stockyard, not one should be spared; that by remaining quiet, *he might be content with a part of the money and arms in the house.*'

Any other course than that of passive obedience was out of the question: here we were fairly at his mercy; as never anticipating such a possibility, the arms were all inside. Those who were on horseback were ordered to dismount, and marched into the stockyard—a large enclosure made with rough branches of trees—where we had to remain, while Davis and some of his companions went into the dwelling and rummaged, taking the arms, money, and everything else disposable. They then made a hurried repast on the viands prepared for our use; and drinking long and deep draughts to our success in cattle-marking, came outside and mounted, not, however, before they had exchanged some of the best of our horses for their own, which were not so good as bush-rangers usually then rode—the choice of horse-flesh being one of their many assumed privileges. On taking his departure, Davis called out to Buka to mount and follow the party; also to bring with him some of the rope and hide cuttings we had been using to throw the cattle with. My valued servant prepared to obey with a look which the bushranger not unjustly construed into unwillingness, and giving him a lash with a stock-whip, which made him jump higher than if he had been enacting the most vigorous of the wild corrobory-dances of the country, the party cantered off. It was with no little pleasure we saw them turn the corner of the wood to the left. 'Thank Heaven, they're off at last!' burst simultaneously from every one of us; such was the dread which these ruffians inspired, known as they were to be guilty of shooting their victims sometimes out of mere wantonness when excited by drinking. Our congratulations were in this case premature; for just as we were about to leave the stockyard, two of the brigands came galloping back to say that the captain had sent them for Mr F—. My feelings, as may be supposed, were not the most enviable at this moment. The excitement of the last two hours had certainly prepared me for almost any termination to the events passing around me, but could not reconcile me to being thus singled out. Bidding adieu to my friends, I mounted and followed my impatient warders, who shewed by the expert and rapid manner in which they rode through the dense forest, that they were accustomed to make hurried marches across the country. As we cantered along, I essayed in vain to learn why Davis required my company. The only reply to my anxious inquiries was, 'that the captain had found out I knew the line of country he wished to traverse, and if I conducted myself to his satisfaction it would be well for me.'

On joining the band we all struck off to the left, and instead of keeping near the main road passed through a cedar seuch, interspersed with the *bangolas*, or wavy palms, where the only marks were those of wild cattle. About seven we halted, when an abundant supply of provisions and spirituous liquors were produced, of which I was invited, in a surly tone, to partake; and which, despite my anxiety, a long fast and active exercise compelled me to do. After the repast, Davis, somewhat softened into better humour, inquired if, or how far, I was acquainted with Scone or its neighbourhood—questions which I endeavoured to evade, but his evident irritability of temper, and the click of a pistol close to my breast, obliged me to confess. For all this, as I afterwards found out,

I was indebted to Master Buka, who, fearful of being separated from me, had informed the party that his master, Mr —, 'Murry strike-a-light that place.' At first the festivity was confined to deep potatoes; but as the excitement increased all prudential considerations were laid aside, and loud, boisterous singing followed; in which I could recognise the name of that incarnate villain, Donoghue, often mentioned, as the chorus ran much in the following strain:—

'Oh, himself was a man bold and true,
And never knuckled under—the Bold Donoghue.'

The evening was far advanced when Davis, whose authority over his drunken companions was wonderful, obliged the party to break up, by removing and fastening to his saddle (his pillow) the two remaining small kegs of spirits; after which Buka and myself were firmly pinioned and secured to trees, at a distance from each other. This done, and the watch set, the sonorous nasal breathing of all save the look-out soon shewed that Bacchus and tobacco had done their work very effectually. Nor was the man appointed to keep watch long in following the example: first a nod—then a little struggle to keep awake—then a nod; and he too was soundly in the embrace of Morpheus. The constrained position in which I had been left bound prevented entirely the possibility of sleep; although 'nature's sweet restorer' oft invited my tired-out energies, but in vain. There I lay, crippled up much after the manner of the delinquents in the old pictures of the Inquisition; gazing wistfully at the stars as they sent their mild rays peeringly through the foliage of the splendid eucalyptus which towered over the bandit party.

The squatter's life soon accustoms those who are engaged in it to all sorts of vicissitudes; and 'roughing it' in the bush, without bed or blanket, was what I should have cared little about, had I not been placed in my present painfully-constrained position. Nothing, however, now remained for me but to wait quietly for morning, listening to the shrill cry of the large night-jay, or watching the sly opossums and the more agile flying sugar-squirrels, as they performed all sorts of antics in the branches of the weeping mimosas which enclosed our little encampment.

It was indeed a relief to me when the 'settlers' clock,' or laughing jackass—a sort of large gray kingfisher—gave indications, by its loud peculiar cry, of the approach of day; and as if accustomed to its alarm, all the party jumped up simultaneously, rubbing their eyes to remove the impressions of the past night's debauch—Davis ordering them to shake the grog out of their heads. We should not omit to mention that the bird just referred to was called the 'settlers' clock' by the primitive founders of the settlement, who, probably not being encumbered with timekeepers, availed themselves of its early propensities to call their assigned convict servants to labour. Most of the precious gang in whose hands I now was had been assigned convict labourers, and had no doubt been habituated to rise at the peculiar sound of this sylvan clock.

After a very hurried breakfast, we were again on the move to the north, passing, one after another, the high rough ridges of the Blue Mountains—not by any means an easy task, as our route lay through a forest probably untrodden hitherto by the foot of the white man. As we rode cautiously along, Davis repeatedly interrogated me about Scone and its neighbourhood, also the safest way of approaching it; but as I was only acquainted with the usual road, I was obliged at length to declare I could give him no information he did not already know. It was clearly his policy to keep out of the frequented path as much as possible; so that we traversed several high points, the *locale* of which, bush-man as I was, I knew nothing of. At last we reached a place so precipitous that no horse could descend, nor

was there any spot where such was practicable without making a long *detour*. The object of bringing the ropes, hide-strippings, &c. was now manifest; for one after another, the horses were led to the brink, and the saddles removed. The poor brutes were then slung and suddenly pushed off the edge by four of the party, while the others eased down the ropes, which were passed round a tree. To accomplish this they were obliged to unfasten the stirrup-irons and add the leathers, the ropes not being sufficiently long. With some difficulty, and not without many bruises from their kicking and plunging, the poor horses were all landed safely below; after which we descended, Buka being the last to do so—the captain remarking, 'that as he was a black devil, nothing would break his neck.' After this we ascended another high portion of the Blue Mountain, when I guessed the reason of our late proceedings, as I recognised by the nature of the country in the distance, over which the sun was setting, that Scene was not many leagues off; and that, regardless of the usual safe routes, Davis had adopted a plan very common with bushrangers of 'cutting across country.' Our ringleader now became more than ever inquisitive about the different establishments in the neighbourhood, to which he was obviously bent on a visit; and at every faltering reply he quietly cocked a large pistol, as much as to intimate that I should receive its contents if I hesitated to give true information.

Shortly after sunset we halted for the night; and again the scenes of drunken revelry were enacted, but with somewhat more caution, as no singing was allowed—although in this respect it required all Davis's firmness to keep his men in order. As soon as all the eatables and drinkables were consumed, Buka and myself were again secured for the night, and the party soon lay stretched around in strange confusion, forming a group which would have delighted a *Salvator Rosa*. Sleep was not long in visiting my companions—even the watchman; for he, too, after vainly attempting to keep his eyes open, soon joined the loud chorus of stertorous sleepers. Thoroughly worn out, I felt every inclination to follow their example, but, doubly pinioned, it was impossible; so I amused myself once more by watching the agile opossums chasing one another from branch to branch, or the flying squirrels gliding from tree to tree by means of their broad lateral membranes, and in longing for the morning dawn, and revolving in my mind whether escape was altogether impossible.

My chief trust had always been in Master Buka, who I knew would, if possible, concoct some scheme to liberate me. As to attempting to escape with my arms secured as they were, it was quite out of the question; for I could neither mount a horse, nor direct his movements if mounted. Of all the singular beings I have met in my travels—and they are not few—certainly the aborigines of New Holland are the most remarkable—remarkable, I should say, for all want of moral characteristics: even their sagacity—the highest feature—partakes of the instinct of the lower animals more than the reasoning of the human species. Indolent to a degree scarcely to be credited, they despise any sort of continuous labour, and prefer the uncertain subsistence of an occasional hunt; and so improvident are they in regard to food, thus or in any other way acquired, that they will throw away what remains after their immediate wants are supplied, rather than be at the trouble of carrying it with them. As a proof of their general improvidence, we may state that on one occasion we saw several of a tribe clothed in European attire by some kind people, and within a week scarcely a rag was to be found among them: some articles having been disposed of for grog, and others thrown away because the weather was hot, or because it was too troublesome to wear them. They seem to have scarcely

any idea of a future state, and they regard death with aversion, chiefly because it removes them from the gratification of the animal passions. But with all their stupid indifference they possess much strategy, and scarcely any emergency can arise in which they will not devise some method of escape. Gratitude or any other exalted feeling they cannot be said to have, for they receive with apathy anything that is given to or done for them; yet if once attached to a European, they will not readily desert him: on the contrary, they will sometimes, when least expected, shew a desire to serve him, especially if in any dilemma connected with bush-life, and in which they are quite at home.

I was not disappointed on this occasion; for after passing two very miserable hours, I thought I could discern a figure hovering about for a second or two, like an evil spirit, over each of my companions, and approaching me, whispered: 'Bale, you get jerrand; me mill-mill all them warragals asleep; in other words—Don't be afraid; I find all around us asleep.' He then asked for a knife, which I remembered was in my waistcoat-pocket; but how was it to be got at, firmly pinioned as we both were with our hands behind? The wily native, however, knelt down and applied his mouth in such a way as to work it out, and then opened it; which done, he contrived to cut the cords that secured my wrists, now much swollen and almost devoid of feeling. As soon as his own hands were free we moved off stealthily to where the horses were tethered. It was too dark to distinguish one from another, nor was it at the moment a matter of much consideration. Fortunately the bridles had been knotted and thrown over the necks of the animals, so we were not long in getting two moved away. It is very probable we might have gone back without much risk to look for saddles; so completely were all the party under the influence of the evening's debauch, that even the tramping of the horses as we led them off did not awake them. Buka took the lead, and we pushed along as fast as the dim light and the nature of the woods permitted, every step which we took increasing our distance from our late companions, and adding to our thankfulness.

As soon as daylight broke upon us Buka recognised that we were not far from Invermein, although quite out of the proper road. The last two days' ride, however, had shewn us that with determination almost any part of the country might be travelled; so making our way over the intervening irregular ridges, we reached Invermein by nine o'clock. No time was lost in communicating to the good folks the probability that their township might be visited by the party we had escaped from, and instant preparation was made; but as to going on with me to Scene to assist, that was declined on all sides. We were reluctantly furnished with saddles and fresh horses, and immediately set out for Scene, hoping, by giving timely notice, to avert the attack of the bushrangers. On reaching the little township I found all the houses shut up; and on knocking at the door of an acquaintance, was surprised to hear loud shrieks, but on making myself known, was admitted. The first question was: 'Oh, Mr —, did you meet them? They have been here, and murdered young Graham at Mr Dangar's store.' As soon as the confidence of a few was restored, we went down to the scene of the late murderous robbery, and found poor Graham lying in the enclosure behind the house quite dead, in a pool of his own blood. From a youth who had been secreted in the store we learned the particulars, that when the bushrangers came to the house and ordered the inmates to 'bale up,' Graham presented a pistol, which missed fire, and a second one went off, but without taking effect, on which he attempted to escape by the back-door to alarm the neighbours; but Davis followed and killed him, by discharging a double-barrelled gun, while the victim was on his knees

imploing mercy. Information of the occurrence was soon transmitted to Maitland; and Mr Day, a most energetic magistrate, lost no time in calling out a strong body of assigned servants, to whom a promise was given, that if they used proper exertions to capture this band of ruffians, they would be recommended for pardon—a measure which was often found of importance at that time, as with such stimulus before them they were more reckless of consequences than volunteer free persons, who had little but the honour or excitement to set off against the almost certainty of being wounded or killed in an encounter with the bushrangers. Mr Day tracked them from place to place, and at last came upon them encamped in Doboy's Hollow, between Scone and the Hunter's River; and so unprepared were they, that after a few ineffective shots, all surrendered—Davis observing, as they were seizing him in Mr Day's presence: 'Ah, Mr Day, if there were but a few more magistrates as active as you are, there would be no bushrangers.' All this detestable gang were soon after executed at Sydney, and since that people have been able to traverse the colony in all directions without danger of being robbed or murdered—a state of security which we believe will continue even should transportation to New South Wales be renewed; for we cannot but hope, that if our government does resume it in that colony, they will see the propriety of following out the ticket-of-leave system, by which the unfortunate exile has an interest in his labour, and a stimulus to use his best endeavours to regain his lost position in society.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL EMIGRANTS.

Since the autumn of 1848 upwards of three hundred youths have emigrated from the London Ragged Schools to Australia and America. We take a low estimate when we suppose that two hundred and fifty of those youths are doing well, and have proved themselves worthy of the confidence of their teachers and the assistance of their friends. Now, if such is the case, we maintain that the reclamation of that number—even if the remainder had fallen away, which we are by no means disposed to admit—is more than a compensation for all the money expended on emigration purposes, and the education of those who have shared its benefits. The average age of the emigrants is sixteen. Let us suppose they had been left another sixteen years, the subjects of ignorance and neglect. Doubtless fifty, at least, would have been transported; and several convictions, imprisonments, and ultimate transportation, would be economically managed in each case at L.200. Here we have an expense to the country of L.10,000, and our colonists again visited with the terrible infliction of another fifty ignorant and brutified miscreants, of whom the mother country had become wearied. Nor is this all; for, at a low estimate, twenty-five of these convicts would have become fathers prior to their expulsion; and thus we should not only have had twenty-five destitute mothers, paupers in the workhouse or systematic beggars in the streets, but also, at the least another fifty hungry, ragged, destitute children in a condition even worse than were their fathers, and obliged to follow in their very footsteps. Add to this the amount of moral evil—that no human gauge can measure—which these fifty victims of ignorance and neglect must for several years have been propagating.—*Ragged School Union Magazine.*

MANNERS OF THE COAL DISTRICTS.

In the northern coal-fields, near Newcastle-on-Tyne especially, we have noticed that when the miner ascends from the pit in the evening, his first care is to wash himself from head to foot, and then to put on a clean suit of white flannel. As you pass along the one street of a pitman's village you will see the father reading a 'Chambers's Journal,' or a cheap religious magazine, at the door of his cottage, while smoking a pipe, and nursing a child or two on his knee; and through the open door a neat four-post bed, and an oak or mahogany chest of drawers, bear witness

to his frugality. In Wednesbury, Bilston, and all that district, when work is over, you find the men drinking in their dirty clothes and with grimy faces at the beer-shop of the 'Buttley'—that is to say, the contractor or middle-man under whom they work—according to the system of the country, and the women hanging about the doors of their dingy dwellings gossiping or quarrelling—the old furies and the young slatterns.—*Sidney's Rides on Railways.*

HEALTHFULNESS OF HOPS.

The following observations, in a work by Dr Wardrop on 'Diseases of the Heart,' are exceedingly worthy of attention:—'Animals as well as man are instinctively impelled to eat substances when they are out of health, in order to assist the digestion of the food; and no cattle will thrive upon grasses which do not contain a portion of bitter extractive. Even the inhalation of the odour from the flowers of the hop has an extraordinary beneficial effect upon the sick; and in Kent, where it is extensively cultivated, those employed in collecting the flowers are so greatly improved in their health, that many persons who are enfeebled quit the metropolis to 'pick hops,' and return to their homes with their appetite and strength materially improved.' If such really be the case, as this respectable authority reports, cottagers and others might be recommended to grow a few hop-plants outside their doors and windows, with a view to improving health. The hop is a beautiful climbing plant, and on that account alone it forms an agreeable shrub for the window.

THE HEROINE MARTYR OF MONTEREY.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

When the American forces under General Taylor stormed Monterey, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of September 1846, a Mexican woman was seen going about among the disabled of both armies, binding up their wounds, and supplying them with food and water. While thus employed she fell. She was on the following day buried by the Americans, who had even then to bear an incessant discharge of shot from the Mexican batteries.

The strife was stern at Monterey,
When those high towers were lost and won;
And, pealing through that mortal fray,
Flash'd the strong battery's vengeful gun:
Yet, heedless of its deadly rain,
She stood in toil and danger first,
To bind the bleeding soldier's vein,
And slake the dying soldier's thirst.

She found a pale and stricken foe
Sinking in nature's last eclipse,
And on the red earth kneeling low,
She wet his parched and fevered lips:
When, thick as winter's driving sleet,
The booming shot and flaming shell
Swept with wild rage that gory street,
And she—the good and gentle—fell!

They laid her in a narrow bed—
The foemen of her land and race;
And sighs were breathed, and tears were shed,
Above that lowly resting-place.
Ay! glory's crimson worshippers
Wept over her untimely fall.
For deeds of mercy such as hers
Subdue the hearts and eyes of all.

To sound her worth were guilt and shame
In us, who love but gold and ease:
They heed alike our praise or blame,
Who live and die in works like these.
Far greater than the wise or brave,
Far happier than the fair and gay,
Was she, who found a martyr's grave
On that red field of Monterey!

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